The Bystander, April 13, 1921. No. 906. Vol. LXX.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

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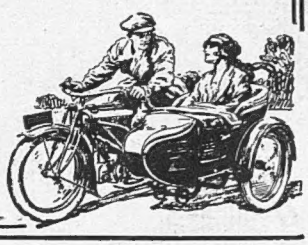

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

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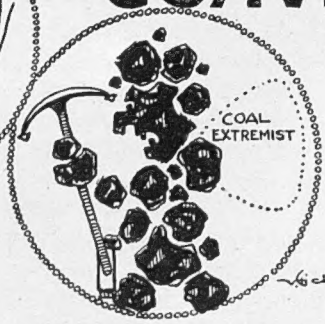


He'll never be satisfied, never!

The earth is 500,000,000 years old

By Victor Hicks

Perhaps, like strikes, it will go on for ever

Old King Coal

ECONOMICS are not popular with the man in the street, and the economics of the coal industry are peculiarly hard to understand. But nothing comes home to the man in the street like coal, which ranks in civilisation with the discovery of fire itself as one of the great sources of his well-being. He can't cook his dinner without it; he can't move from place to place without it. Indeed, nearly all his necessities depend upon it alternately, although only at the threat of being deprived of it does he think about it all. For the most part he takes it for granted.

A Source of War

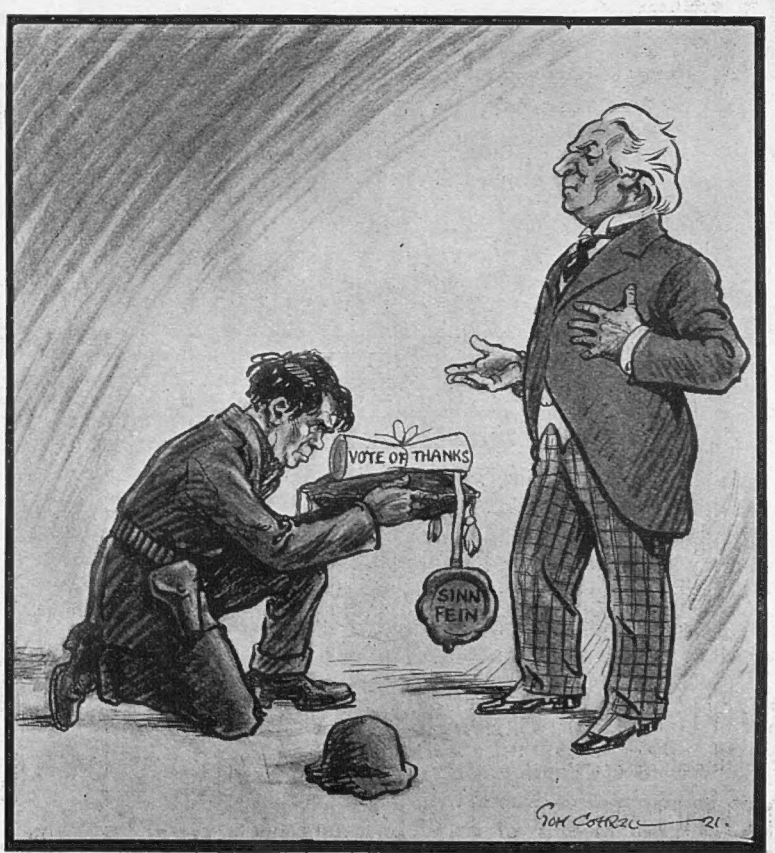
BUT the men who dig for coal understand what it means, and Labour has grasped the fact that it can use coal far more powerfully than any other weapon to further its demands, all the more as in his work-a-day time he can arouse our sympathies with the risks attaching to his calling. So, to vary the parody, old King Coal is no longer a merry old soul. To-day he is as sad as sad can be. In fact, he is bankrupt, and in that bankruptcy he bankrupts others on a colossal scale.

What is One to Say?

THE pious efforts of everybody officially concerned with the strike in the exploration of avenues in order to find a way out therefrom is irresistibly reminiscent of the (more or less) proverbial search in a lightless cellar for a lump of coal that isn't there! Perhaps that's a bit too discouraging—but, after all, if none of us possessed a sense of humour in these days the world long since would have ended through suicide and *felo de se!* Seriously, however, I am quite convinced that there is really only one way out of the apparent *impasse*, and that is for miners, railwaymen, transport-workers, and labour generally to realise that their present attitude means inevitable death to the golden-egg goose whereby their means of livelihood is obtainable. In other words, this country is in very real danger of becoming a third-rate commercial nation. If those who know could but get at the workers personally, individually—hopes would be bright. But the sinister figure of the Trades Union caucus stands between.

The Light That Fai'ed

IT was very curious that the eclipse should coincide with the coal strike, for each pointed to the light that failed. When the eclipse was at its height I was in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, and the vast dome grew so dark that the electric light had to be switched on. When I came out into the darkened street I found the hawkers doing a roaring trade in cinema film, and one taxi-driver was balancing himself on the kerb, looking through



A VOTE AT LAST By Tom Cottrell

(Dail Eireann recently passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Asquith)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the coloured glass of his front lamp. The shadow in many of the streets was very marked.

The Miracle Month of April

We are all out for anniversaries these days, but I wonder how many people realise that Sunday probably marks the day when Chaucer's Pilgrims started from the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, on their way to Canterbury. They were a lively lot, and Chaucer's "Prologue" is as human to-day as when it was written more than 500 years ago. What between this and the birthday of Shakespeare April is, indeed, our miracle month, and that should cheer us in a time of so much gloom, for England renews herself each year in April.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT! By W. E. Wigfull

Karl (*with dignity*): "All right, sir, I'll go away quietly"

Charity "Bargains"

"The public are not so charitable as they seem to think themselves in the matter of special theatrical matinées and other performances," said a well-known theatre proprietor and manager to me a little while ago. It was just after "Warriors' Day," and I asked him if the results were satisfactory. He thought they were, but in many cases where the theatre or hall was giving the proceeds of an ordinary morning or evening performance, the public made no special effort to support it, as the true spirit of charity would suggest. But for a special performance, in which a dozen or even twenty stars are giving their services, the public will roll up in great numbers. They will pay a couple of guineas or more for a stall and flatter themselves that they are being charitable. "As a matter of fact," said my friend, "they are simply bargain-hunters, and very good ones, too. For a guinea or two they see, in one long afternoon or evening, performances to see which, in the ordinary way, would cost them five or ten guineas, and a week or more of steady theatre and music-hall going, with all the attendant expenses of travelling, etc. I really don't call that charity." I think there is something in my friend's argument. Let us bear it in mind for the future.

Liked by All

Poor Norman Thorp, the actor, who died so suddenly of pneumonia contracted while playing golf during the Easter holiday, was one of the most popular men in what are called the "Bohemian" circles of both London and New York. His was a most lovable nature. He made friends, almost one might say, while walking down the street. He used to declare to me that he would never have achieved his great ambition of getting into the Army and going to France but for the help of a policeman with whom he made friends one morning in the entrance hall of the War Office.

A "Bobby" Who Really Helped

It was after the usual fruitless visit. The policeman was a cheery-looking individual and Thorp asked him if he thought the W.O. really wanted him or anyone else. In two minutes the policeman and the actor were friends. Thorp told the bobby all about himself, and asked him for his advice. "Colonel ——'s the man for you, sir," said the policeman, "you go back to that room, fill up such-and-such a form, and send it up to him." Norman had tried many colonels and generals, off his own bat, and with letters of introduction, but of Colonel ——— he had never heard. However, he followed the policeman's advice. Colonel ——— made an appointment for next day, when Norman saw not him but one of his staff, a captain who had been at the same school as Thorp, Bedford Grammar School. They had a long chat, and next morning Norman filled up his last set of papers as a civilian. "I don't know his name," he would say, "but that policeman certainly gave me my commission. I went to the War Office once or twice to thank him, but did not find him on duty."

Revitalise the Race!

I was reading the other day a statement by a famous anthropologist who said that one of the chief difficulties in applying the science of breeding to the human race was the long time that it would take to get the desired results. With the lower animals

THE WATCH ON THE MINE

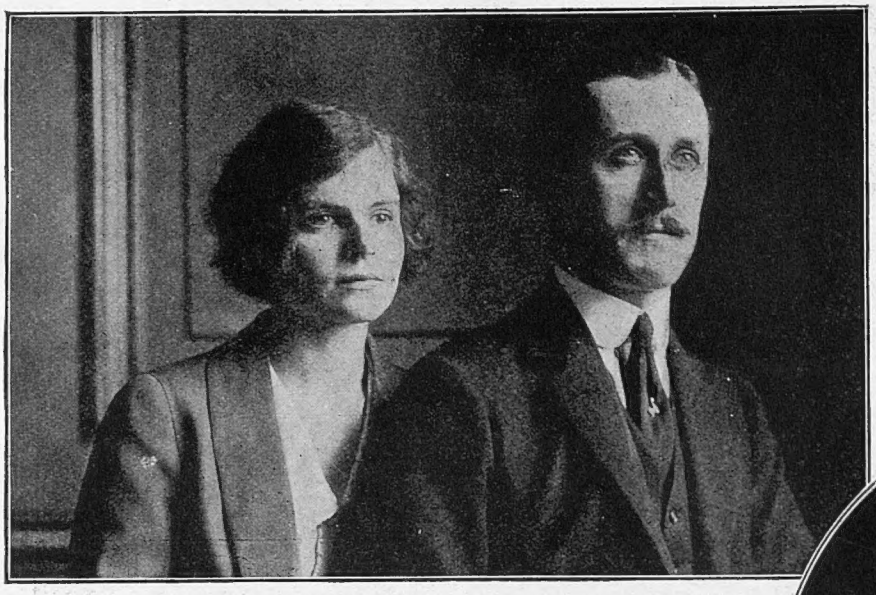
By E. T. Reed

"Schplendid fellows!! Every enemy of your country is more than sadisfied! Letting der vater into the mines and leafing the little ponies down there—it was a capital idea!!"

these results are soon apparent and man is therefore anxious to use this scientific knowledge, but the improvement of his own posterity would be too slow for him to witness it, so he is content to go on in his present haphazard fashion. But I read to-day that "women have developed larger waist-lines and flatter chests since last year." This was the assertion of "a prominent maker of coat *mannequins*," and surely he ought to know. If women can do so much in one short year, it seems to me that these eminent anthropologists despair too easily of what may be accomplished for the whole race. Are there any women anthropologists? If so, let them take up the matter, and soon the C 3 class will disappear.

Push Out "Pussyfoot!"

I see that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is about to pay us another visit, and from it expects some "cheering" results. A terrible increase in crime and madness seems to be one of the "cheering" results of his labours in his own country. Canada refused to admit this worthy gentleman on the last occasion he attempted a mission there. The Mother Country may find it worth while to take a lesson from one of her daughters. "Pussyfoot" caused a lot of disturbance here. He has achieved the immortality of Madame Tussaud's—and not in the Chamber of Horrors or the ex-Kaiser's corner—and that should suffice him.



Photograph *Tom Aitken*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MINTO
Who have recently arrived in England for a short visit

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The New Viceroy

THE secret of Lord Edmund Talbot's appointment as successor to Lord French to the thorny Viceregal throne in Dublin was most closely kept. Not a hint of it leaked out, and some of those folk who preen themselves on their "inside information" were extremely annoyed when they opened their morning papers.

Lord Edmund belongs to the school of statesmen that don't seem to be a-breeding nowadays. In his long Parliamentary career he has been Private Secretary to Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Conservative Whip. He was born a Howard, brother to the late Duke of Norfolk, and during the present Duke's minority he is Deputy-Earl Marshal of England, acting for his nephew in arranging all those ceremonial affairs which concern the Earl Marshal's office.

He has borne the name of Talbot since he came of age in 1876, when he took it in place of the equally historic name of Howard, in compliance with the will of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury. That Earl—he was three earls ago—died a year after Lord Edmund was born, and as his successor was only a kinsman he left "something handsome" to the baby Lord Edmund, with the proviso that he took the name of Talbot.

The new Viceroy has proved his wisdom and foresight in many difficult situations, and, above all, he has tact and unfailing good temper. If any Government appointment can be popular in Ireland his certainly should be, since he will take all the elements of popularity to Dublin.

Photograph *Dissett*

AFTER THE CEREMONY
Mr. Eric Fotheringham, of Fifeshire, and his bride, Miss Margaret Beattie, the daughter of Sir James and Lady Beattie. The wedding took place at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, W.

The Hungarian Failure

A DIPLOMATIST friend of mine but newly returned from Hungary tells me that the ex-Emperor Karl has been too precipitate in his attempt to re-ascend the Hungarian throne. He says there is a general feeling throughout Hungary of something more than sympathy for the man who is really hereditary king, but that the feeling ought to have been allowed time to widen and deepen. The monarchical sentiment in Hungary is very strong, and although the Hungarians rather turned up their noses at the Hapsburgs as Emperors of Austria, they had a personal feeling towards them as Kings of Hungary—a distinction we find it rather difficult to follow, but it existed.

I was talking about the Hungarian attempt to a Bohemian friend, who before the War was in the inner ring at the Hapsburg Court.

"I doubt if Karl will ever succeed in any attempt to gain the Hungarian throne," he said. "If he were a different sort of man he might. But he is weak, and will promise anything just to get bothering people across the doormat."

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY EILEEN BROWNE
The eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo, whose marriage to Earl Stanhope, D.S.O., M.C., takes place on Saturday next

A Ducal Coming of Age

THERE have been great doings at Badminton for the coming-of-age of my young Lord Worcester. The name Beaufort stands for the best hunting and sporting traditions in the country, and although the Duke is now forced by the hands of the clock to see his hounds led by others, his interest is just as keen, and he was at the birthday meet in a motor-car.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER

With his mother, the Duchess of Beaufort, at Badminton. To celebrate the occasion of his twenty-first birthday he acted as master of the Beaufort for the day

The Duke of Beaufort as Lord Worcester was regarded as an incorrigible bachelor. He was the most eligible of all *partis*, but he was forty-eight when he married the charming widow of the Baron de Tuyll. He succeeded to the Dukedom four years after his marriage.

His two daughters, Lady Blanche and Lady Diana Somerset, were born within a year of each other, and as they always dressed alike were regarded by everybody as twins. Lady Blanche married Lord St. Germans three years ago, Lady Diana is still in "maiden meditation, fancy free." Like her classic namesake, she is a great huntress. In fact, but for her personal care of the Badminton pack—or, rather, the couples that were kept of the pack—during the War, the Badminton Hunt would have been in a predicament when hunting began again. Lady Diana used to "exercise" the hounds in any intervals she could snatch from her duties as a nurse at Badminton, which the Duchess turned into a hospital.

Photograph *Sport and General*

COMING-OF-AGE HOUSE-PARTY

The Duke of Beaufort gave a large house-party in honour of his son's twenty-first birthday. In the back row from left to right can be seen: Baron de Tuyll, Lord Molyneux, Earl of Londesborough, Marquis of Worcester, Earl of St. Germans, Major Phipps Hornby, Mr. Ward Jackson. Front row: Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Lady Katherine Hamilton, Countess of St. Germans, Duchess of Beaufort, Mrs. Baird of Elie, Lady Diana Somerset

A Sign of the Times

A RELATION of mine is giving a dance for her daughter next week. The replies from the young folk are illuminating. They show the old war spirit is not dead. Some of the men can't come because they are off to help to pump out the water in the coal mines or "do what they can." Acceptances are qualified. If there is a transport strike young men and maidens will be driving lorries or cars, grooming horses, working in canteens, or doing "any old thing." "I've sent in my name, so if there is a transport strike don't expect me," is a sentence recurring over and over again in the letters. If only the men who inspire these strikes could realise that terrorisation in England always rouses the pluck and fighting spirit of the terrorised.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

FAMOUS NOVELIST'S NIECE MARRIED

Captain G. C. Wickham, D.S.O., with his bride, Miss P. Haggard, niece of Sir H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, after their wedding at Brompton. The Veterans' Corps, which the bride's father founded, provided a guard of honour, as the bridegroom's brother-officers, who were to have been present, had their leave stopped

On the Riviera.

THE detail of the Riviera is one of its amazing qualities. An hotel bill is a detailistic triumph as well as a great annoyance, and this must exasperate the luxury trade, for undoubtedly the nice meanness and fine-toothed combing of these has done much to thin the Côte d'Azur out long before its time. Hotels generally have over-reached their legitimate profit rights, and thereby played havoc with a notable season. They have drained the visitor's pocket of its last dreg. Tipping, too, has here developed into a threat and a blackmail.

A MAN at Monte Carlo paying 700 francs a day for himself and wife complained of the service in the dining-room and was informed by the manager that there had been complaints from the restaurant about him—that he was not tipping enough. When he dared to say that he thought 20 per cent. of his account was sufficient, he was told that he was winning heavily at the tables, and that his *pourboires* were not in proportion with his gains. So there's a pretty pass, but such high-handed robbery is beyond the licence which goes with a very unfavourable exchange, and hotels ought to take timely warning or they will get a "biff" next season.

ANOTHER detail of the Riviera which is quaint in a locality where merchants' wives wear crown jewels, and thousands are thrown away nightly on the unproductive green cloth of the gaming boards, is the grasping love of the small coin. Here, far more is thought of 50 cents than of the louis. In a way it is characteristic of the French and in the past its practice may have made their greatness; but *dans ces villes de plaisir* it becomes sordid and trifling to have merchants forget to give you your right change, or to tack on a franc when they see you coming. The petty alarm over little money becomes humorous when a five-franc piece drops on the floor at Monte Carlo, and the liveried attendants light the specially provided lanterns in order to search beneath the tables for it, and all the while thousands and thousands are laid waste on the *colonnes*, *carrés*, *en plein*, and *à cheval* above. The excitement over that occasionally lost five francs amounts to panic and perspiration.

MRS. BAIRD
The wife of the military attaché at Constantinople, with her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Usher, on the terrace at Monte Carlo

LIFE out-of-doors has altogether taken the place of Casino and theatre. We burn on the promenades while the Alps are smiling with snow. How we love it all when we are about to leave it. Our ways are strewn with flowers — the fruit trees are like swarming butterflies. April is THE month here. On Mont Agel golf is rampant.

THAT splendid veteran, Sir Theodore Angier, plays there. The other day there were Pierre Deschamps, President of the French Golf Association, Mrs. Harvey du Cros, Mrs. Hartley Batt, Sir Connop Guthrie, and General Mannerheim, late Regent of Finland. A tie between the Master of St. Clair (18) and Major Bardwell (14) at 69 net.

THE EX-EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA
And her children at the Château de Prongins, where, with her consort, the unfortunate Karl of Hapsburg, they were living previous to his flight to Hungary. They are now at the Hotel National, Lucerne

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The Inimitable Sarah

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT

Who has been acting in Verneuil's "Daniel" at the Princes Theatre. On Sunday she appeared at George Robey's concert in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. After leaving London at the end of this week she will visit the principal theatres of the large provincial towns

NIGHTIE NIGHT AT THE QUEEN'S

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I THINK what interested me most in this play was the extraordinary energy of Miss Dorothy Minto; though I will admit that the suit of pyjamas this delightful little lady wears in the early scenes had an attraction of its own. I noticed, as a detail of the programme, that the name of Miss Minto's dressmaker was given at length, but there is no information as to who supplied the pyjamas—or the eiderdown quilt in which, at one stage of the proceedings, she was decorously enveloped. I am not sufficiently well versed in the intricacies of feminine attire to be ablo to say positively what Miss Minto wore during the greater part of the performance, but I do not think it was her frock. Nowadays, however, it is not easy for the inexpert spectator to form an opinion as to what is a decorative petticoat and what is not, and, besides, as one of the characters in the play remarked with an obstinate frequency—what do you know about that?

TRIXIE LORRAINE was "on the stage," and Billy Moffat had at one time been rather fond of her. But having since married, he has, of course, forgotten all about her. That, I believe, is usual. Consequently, Billy is greatly surprised, on looking up from the paper he is reading in the train, to see Trixie sitting right opposite him. She has a strange tale to tell. Years ago she was in love with Jimmie Blythe, and when he went to South America she promised to wait for his return. Instead, she married another, and was in due course endowed with an infant son. Then she became a widow; and it was just at that time that Jimmie returned to find her. He had been waiting for her for seven years, and she had been constantly in his thoughts, and having now happily found her again, he was not going to take any more chances. He just dragged her round to the minister there and then, and married her right away. It was some time before she could get her breath back and begin

DOROTHY MINTO AS TRIXIE LORRAINE

to tell him what she thought he ought to know. There was her stage life to explain, and the baby to account for, and one or two other details that a true wife will never keep from the husband she loves.

But the first detail of her confession affected Jimmie Blythe so much that he pined for air. He rushed out to get it, and as he did not come back all at once, Trixie took the train for New York. I do not think I ought to be asked to explain the logical sequence of these two events. The point is that Trixie mentions these things to her old friend, Billy Moffat, who sympathetically offers such help as he is able to afford. During the talk Trixie drops a dainty wrist-watch that Jimmie Blythe bought for her as a wedding present, and as it is slightly damaged by the fall, Billy Moffat offers to get it mended for her. All these preliminaries are developed in a short prologue, in a quietly amusing way, and there is nothing about them to suggest that they are the forerunners of trouble of an acute and bustling kind. But from that moment the play goes with a rush. When Billy Moffat returns home his wife hopes he has not seen anything of that dreadful creature Trixie, and then she feels in his pocket to see what he has brought her for a present, and fishes out the wrist-watch that Trixie gave Billy to repair. Only by the most strenuous mendacity is Billy able to conceal the fact that he has just got the watch from Trixie.

Then things move along. Billy Moffat wants to let his flat furnished for six months, and he puts the matter in the hands of his brother-in-law, a young man who considers himself rather clever. It so happens that Trixie Lorraine is looking for a furnished flat, and it is only a simple coincidence that brings her to Billy's place, where, by a cash-down payment, she is able to secure possession at a moment's notice. Trixie goes into an adjoining room; and as her frock has become travel-stained she tells the maid to take it to be cleaned. And just as Billy has been assuring his jealous wife that he has not seen Trixie for years, the lady herself turns up, wrapped in an eiderdown quilt, her luggage not having yet arrived, and wants to know why she can't have peaceable possession of the premises she has paid for.

Then another complication arises. Jimmie Blythe, the man who married Trixie that morning, turns up to say he has lost his bride, and will Billy come and help to find her? As Trixie is not prepared at the moment to meet her husband and confess to him that she is a well-known figure on the stage, she darts

into another room, and then into several more, just to keep the fun moving. On the following morning she appears in a dainty outfit of pyjamas, and takes coffee with Billy while waiting for her frock to be returned from the cleaners, and every now and again she has to dash into a cupboard, or behind a door, in order to avoid either her husband or Jimmie's wife.

IN the third act Trixie makes a bolt for the kitchen just to show her versatility in finding hiding-places. There is a covered

sink in the kitchen, and she hops into it nimbly in order to escape detection; and then when the sink is no longer a safe hiding-place she darts into the kitchen cupboard, emerging a moment or two later amid a shower of pots and saucepans, one of which she wears on her head with all the grace of a dainty spring creation. Of course, the question arises here as to whether humour of this kind is not a little out of date. Miss Dorothy Minto is a very capable actress, and though her part here is hardly worthy of her exceptional gifts, she certainly did contrive to make it amusing. She has a happy way of being able to suggest that she is entirely reckless and irresponsible, and that of itself is droll to people who do not necessarily worship the conventions. Miss Minto does not spare herself in the matter of physical exertion, and with the mind of the keen student of dynamics I estimated that her running and climbing and jumping during the evening represented energy capable of lifting a weight of one ton, three hundredweight, and eleven pounds.

MR. PERCY HUTCHISON, as the bewildered Billy Moffat, works very hard, and his fun, while illustrated mostly with conventional stage devices, is distinctly good, and he gets most of the laughs in their right order. Miss Evelyn Laye, whom we know as a vocalist of distinction, deals most successfully with the part of Billy's jealous wife, and as she is also a lady of considerable personal charm, she was able to make her dainty protests all the more convincing. Mr. James Carew, able actor though he be, could hardly be expected to make much of the thin part of the brideless Jimmie Blythe, but he played up loyally to Mr. Hutchison, and was an excellent foil for that gentleman's brisk humour. I understand that the play has enjoyed considerable success in America; but, for London, the rather purposeless rushing from one door to another that is the leading feature of the play is, if anything, a form of humour that we are trying to live down.

JINGLE

Truths and Trifles

A CHEEKY APPEAL

("From the South of France come stories of girls with complexions of every imaginable colour from dull gold to palest pastel blue."—DAILY PAPER.

CHLOE, perfection
Soon takes flight—
Keep your complexion
Pink and white!
Travellers' stories
Tell of blue
And golden glories . . .
Pas du tout!

SUITS TO SUIT—No. 1—For M.P.s

Coat with shoulder protection to ward off occasional newspaper attacks. Temporary seat with £400 in pocket and a little bag for broken promises. Stick to support when heckled. Hat fitted with stove pipe for ventilation of gas and hot air

THIS idiotic
Fad from France—
Outré, exotic—
Kills romance.
Although unique, dear,
Chic, and quaint,
Give me a cheek, dear,
Minus paint.

FASHION new poses
Must enthrone—
I'm all for roses,
Real, homegrown!
Though it sounds silly
Take my word,
Painting the lily
IS absurd!

STILL, you must wear, dear
What you choose
(You would be fair, dear
In "the blues!")—
Will it deter you,
Will you shrink,
If I prefer you
"In the pink"?

E. L. ROBERTS

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

ACCORDING to Sir William Noble, in a few years all main telephone communications will be underground. But then, if present conditions continue, so will the subscribers.

* * *

"NEW Coins To Stay."—*Daily Paper.* We are glad to hear this, since in our experience they have hitherto stayed no longer than the old ones.

* * *

WE are warned to be on our guard against rats which are finding their way to this country from Russia. Several of them, it appears, have already been mistaken for Lenin.

* * *

ACCORDING to an evening paper, the folding hat is now extremely popular, as a large number can be carried on a holiday. Thus the influence of Mr. Churchill penetrates even to the home.

* * *

LONDONERS, says Sir Aston Webb, distrust any attempt to turn London into a second-rate Paris. There are also those who distrust the attempt of a certain section of society to turn it into a first-rate Petrograd.

* * *

"WORK and wages make a light heart," says Sir Harry Lauder. The wages of a popular Scots comedian certainly ought to help.

* * *

"MEN must dress to please us," declares a woman-writer. A study of the latest feminine fashions suggests that women imagine the reverse process is . . . well, you grasp the idea, don't you?

* * *

SOUTHEND is to have rail-less trams. "Weary Suburbanite" writes to say that these are preferable to the tramless rails so much in evidence in London during the rush hours.

* * *

A FIRE which broke out in a Colchester camp destroyed three Army huts. It is believed to have been caused by a company-sergeant-major expressing his opinion of the latest batch of recruits.

* * *

A CONGRESS of X-Ray experts is to be held in London. They hope to discover a means of seeing through the thickest German bluff.

* * *

AFTER being untouched for sixty years, work is to be resumed on the limestone deposits at Hartley Fell, Westmorland. Presumably the strike has been settled.

* * *

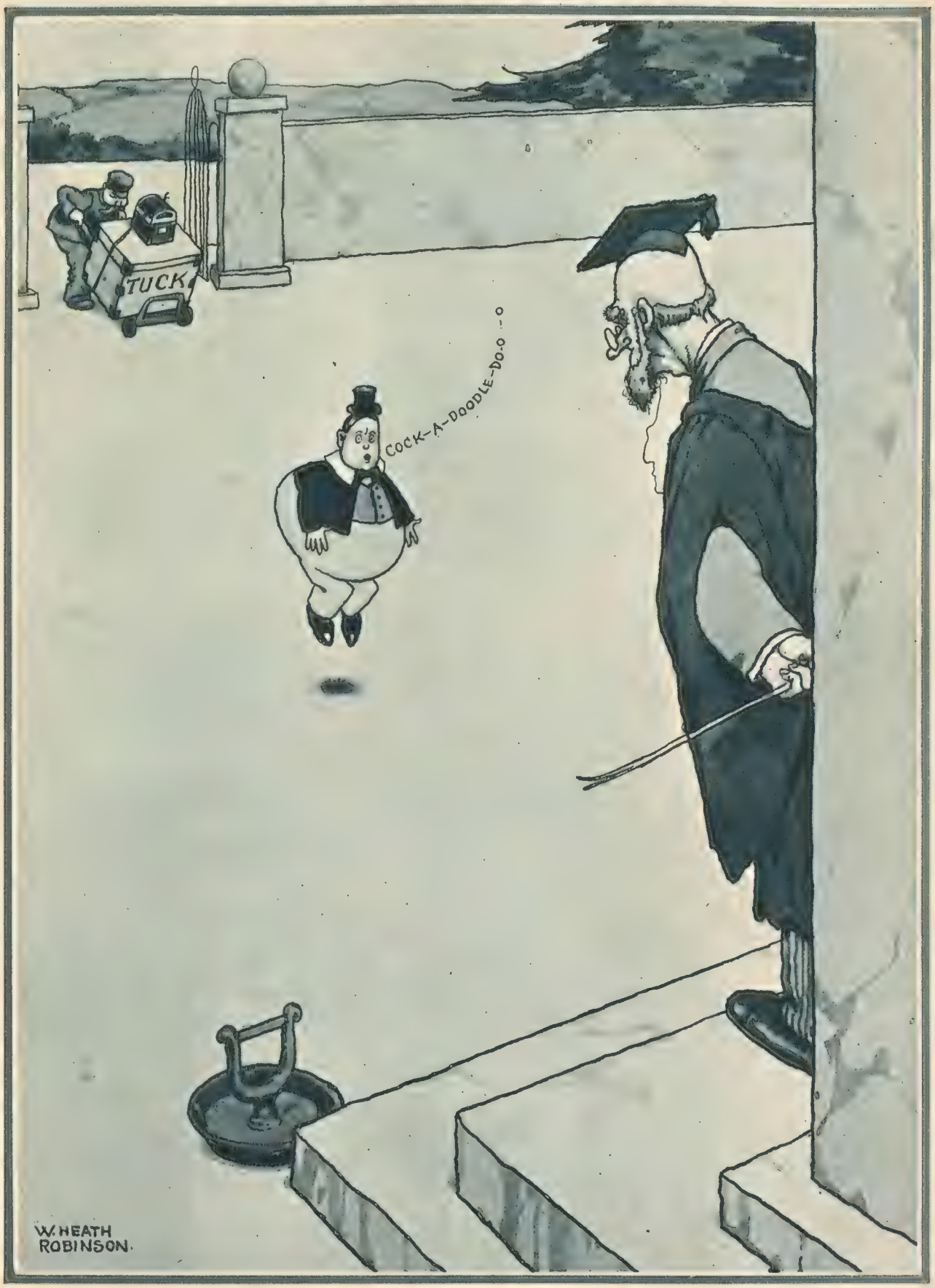
FULHAM Parish Church has decided to abolish collections. We commend this example to the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

BY VICTOR HICK.

SUITS TO SUIT—No. 2—For Mrs. Grundy

Thermos hat, turning hot and cold on the slightest provocation. Darkened glasses giving to life a foggy and artificially drab appearance. Tight-fitting jacket preventing any possibility of freedom, decorated with exclamations of surprise and disgust. Mechanical device for continually raising hands in hypocritical horror. Rickety wings suggesting supposed piety. Elastic-sided, hobnail boots, nailed down to prevent side-slips or dancing on the primrose path of pleasure.

Humpty-Dumpty Minor



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

STRANGE EFFECT OF OVER-INDULGENCE IN EASTER EGGS ON A BOY JUST RETURNING TO SCHOOL

THE LITTLE BRONZE GOD

BY L.A.B.BECHER

I

JOHN DEMPSEY found it in a narrow gully which branched away from the sunken Tigris between the mud banks. He had been fishing unsuccessfully for hours, ever since the thermometer outside his cabin door had dropped below a hundred degrees. A sudden ripple attracted his attention, and there, lying high and dry on the bank, grinning wickedly at him was the little Bronze God. In his indignation at the thing's impertinence, he kicked out savagely, sent a shower of mud splashing into the stream, and narrowly escaped following it.

"Sahib musn't do that, this god very lucky," chanted a voice, and, turning, Dempsey saw his Arab retainer with the image clasped tightly to his breast.

"Give it here," he commanded, sternly.

"But Sahib will not throw the god away," pleaded the Arab, as he handed it back.

Dempsey looked more closely into the little face. It was certainly ugly, with its stumpy turned-up nose and long turned down mouth; but its wicked bronze eyes, which were now grinning in their appreciation, and looking fearlessly into his own, persuaded him. From that moment the little Bronze God became the guest and faithful companion of the Political Officer, John Dempsey.

II

A few nights later a knock came at Dempsey's door. It could only have been one person at that hour, and Dempsey hardly glanced up from his book. Had he done so he might have seen a strange look come into the eyes of the intruder, as they rested upon the little image on the mantelpiece.

Brentford, Dempsey's sole companion, was the British Representative of the Archæological Society in Mesopotamia, who roamed the land digging for remains. Like the Khurdish encampments, his tent could often be seen in the evening a white speck on the plain, to be gone with the sunrise. Brentford possessed a daughter as beautiful as she was good, whom Dempsey had known and loved as a child. It was this tie, and this alone, that kept the two on friendly terms. Brentford, in fact, was not an altogether desirable companion. Known by the Arabs as the mystery man, his features, and particularly his nose, were drawn and thin almost to emaciation: a hacking cough suggested that he might not have very long to live, while his peculiarly bright eyes moved restlessly as if in search of something. People often spoke of his past career in the Argentine with hushed voices.

"Sit down, Brentford," murmured Dempsey, "help yourself."

"Thanks," returned Brentford. "Hello! where did you get this hideous toy from?" He had lifted down the little god and was scrutinizing it.

"Found it whilst out fishing—Tigris mud flats. Ugly, though, isn't it?"

"You'll sell it, then?" The speaker looked down quickly.

Dempsey put down his book, and took a long pull at his pipe.

"It's funny, Brentford, but I've got to love the ugly little wretch. When I'm alone I sit looking at him through the tobacco haze, and he's grown to be quite a companion. I know it's silly and all that, but. . . ."

"But you just remarked how ugly he was," broke in the other.

"I know, I know," drawled Dempsey, "but I believe it's just his ugliness I like."

Brentford put the image back, and sat down coughing. "Well, of course, if it's that way, Dempsey, there's an end—if you would rather have him than a hundred rupees."

"I wouldn't part with him for twice that. Besides, if he's as ugly as you say, what do *you* want with him?" Dempsey retorted.

"Oh!" laughed Brentford. "No special reason, I assure you, Dempsey. I take strange likings to these curios myself at times. This one appeals to me especially, somehow."

Brentford stayed later than usual that night, and seemed more talkative. Apparently he was going South in the morning, and wanted to make the best of his last visit. Something after one Dempsey saw him out to the shelter, where his mare was tethered. After a rather prolonged fit of coughing Brentford rode off into the night. Dempsey shut the door, and examined the little god.

"I wonder why he was so keen to have you," he mused. He turned it over several times, gazing curiously at the grotesque carvings on back and front. "Perhaps he makes a special collection of ugly little folk such as you," he went on. "Or do you hold some strange secret?"

Behind the green curtains that divided his bedroom from the rest of the hut, under a hot mosquito net, Dempsey slept. Across the moonlit plain a horseman was galloping. When within a hundred paces or so of the mud shanty he drew rein, dismounted, and tied his animal to a peg wedged firmly in the hard ground. As he rose from the task a fit of uncontrollable coughing shook him.

"Keep quiet, old girl," he whispered, "I shan't keep you long."

Next moment he was making for the hut, which now cast a deep black shadow in the slanting rays of the moon. Raising himself, he peered through one of the windows. Inside, the dying fire's embers cast a red halo around the hearth. Through the other window the moon threw its incandescent beam on the drawn green curtains. The watcher pulled himself up, and climbed in through the glassless frame; noiselessly he dropped on the thick Persian rugs. A black figure, he bent low over the red embers, turning something in his hands, and casting grotesque, flickering shadows on the mud walls. The minutes sped. But for an occasional low mutter, and the heavy breathing of the sleeper,

(Continued on page 94)

Salmon Fishing Despite Sinn Feiners

LADY DECIES

Fishing in the Liffey which runs through the grounds of Leixlip Castle, Co. Kildare, Lord Decies' beautiful old seat. Lady Decies, of course, is a daughter of Mr. George Jay Gould, the American millionaire, and has three charming children, two girls and a boy

Photographs **MISS WYNDHAM-QUIN** *Poole, Waterford*

Is an enthusiastic angler and fishes a good deal in Ireland, on the Suir, which is noted for excellent salmon fishing. Miss Wyndham-Quin is the only daughter of Col. Windham Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin

THE LITTLE BRONZE GOD (*concluded*)

silence reigned. Suddenly he started, raised himself. Next moment a mad, hopeless coughing had broken upon the hour's stillness.

Dempsey stirred, awoke, his brain working rapidly. An Arab was in the place, a thief. It was not the first time. God! he would have the swine's blood! Half awake, he reached for his revolver, and fired into the huddled mass. A cry, then silence!

Dempsey dragged the figure into the fire glow. It was Brentford! Dempsey could see his emaciated face grey with approaching death; Brentford was struggling to say something.

Dempsey propped him up.

"Speak, man," he urged, "speak."

Brentford's eyes glazed, he gurgled; his head fell forward. As Dempsey raised him on to the couch something clattered on to the brick hearth. It was the little bronze god!

III

"John, dear," began Mrs. John Dempsey, "you promised to-night you would tell me all about my father's death. All I could gather was that you mistook him for a burglar, and the doctor said his lungs were in such a state that he couldn't have lived another month, anyhow. Also, why do you still stick to that hideous little god?"

Dempsey took down the object in question from the mantelshelf, and, toying with it in his hands, told the story.

"For some reason we don't know of," he finished, "your father wanted this god so badly that he risked his life to get it. That's why I'm sure it holds some secret worth finding out, though I've never found a single clue these last five years. Don't you, you ugly little wretch?" As he spoke he pinched the thing's turned-up nose. There was a click and a clatter, and Dempsey held the severed head in his hand. Next instant he was holding it up to the light.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "there's something written inside, but the damp's made it almost illegible."

"Give it to me," said his wife, "perhaps I can make it out. M—A—D—E Heavens! You've all been fooled. Look! It says, 'Made in Japan.'"

L. A. B. BECHER

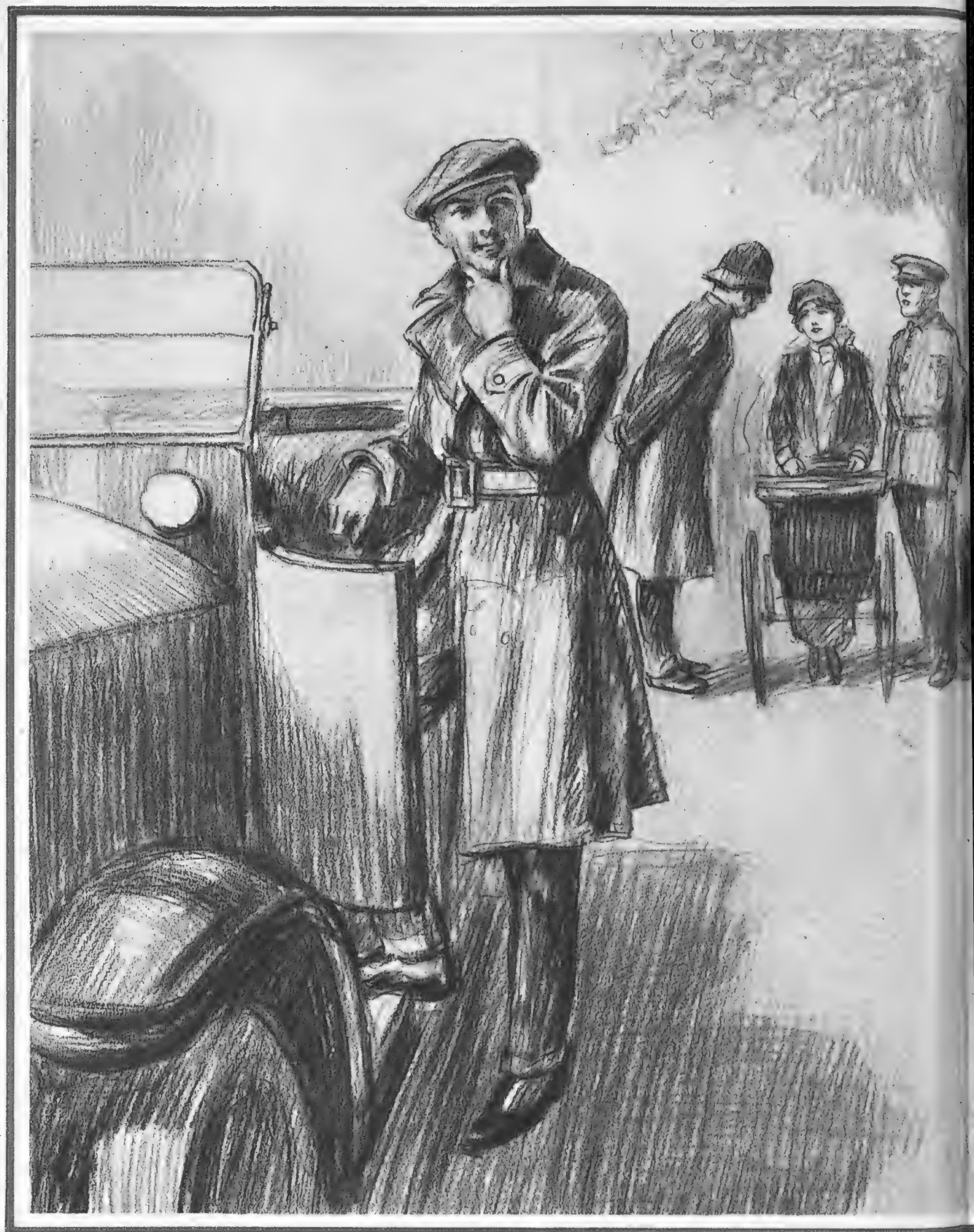
Photograph **"THE RIGHT GIRL"** *E. O. Hoppé*

Mrs. Wilfred Gough, the daughter-in-law of the late General H. S. Gough, who has recently joined the chorus of "The Right Girl," just produced in New York

Back to School!

BY ALFRED LEETE

"Thank 'Eaven He's Gone"



"THIRD PAR

BY WILMOT LUNT

"PARTY RISKS"

King Hugo the First.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

PRUSSLAND has got a new King, more ruthless, more efficient far than puny Wilhelm the Wicked. King Stinnes. Hugo the First. He is the one tough personality; the one first-class organiser; the one owner of 700,000,000 (paper) marklets; and the one plain strong man of beaten Germany. He wears an old hat (as only English dukes do); he does not, unlike Herr Krupp von Bohlen, affect *englische Kravatten*; he tyrannises over and is adored by half a million hard-fisted, soft-brained sons of toil, whom he pays (and swears at) liberally; and by 20,000 clerks, technicians, engineers, chemists, and newspaper men, whom he pays (and swears at) exuberantly.

HE owns his workmen, his clerks, his engineers, and his chemists as completely as he owns the Rhine-Elbe Union Company, the Esplanade Hotel, the Woermann Shipping Line, three Koenigsberg paper companies, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and several scores motor-works, pulp-mills, and canal-barge fleets. He owns Germany, King Hugo.

NOT content with owning Germany, he is getting hold of other Continental trifles worth milliards of (paper) marklets. As boss of the vast Siemens interests he has works in Austria, Switzerland, and Sweden; his agents at Moscow are cajoling mild Lenin into yielding up the Briansk steel mills; he lately snapped up the Swedish Oxelosund Shipyard; and now he has done his biggest foreign deal of all by taking over the Alpine Montangesellschaft of Styria, which owns Central Europe's biggest iron-ore fields, which turns out three-quarters of a million tons of pig-iron and rolls half a million tons of steel.

AMBITIOUS Italy lately tried to tackle this big concern, but the concern proved too big. Nothing is too big for King Hugo the First. Except his head—his rusty bowler is three sizes too small, and is, therefore, worn coquettishly perched over a capacious Stinnesonian ear.

KING HUGO is barely fifty; and he is a Self-Made Man. True, his papa, also Hugo, had adequate sheckels, and even his grandpappa Matthias had big steel works of his own. But Hugo, the Second in the Stinnes Dynasty, and the First as Prussland's ruler, made his 700,000,000 (paper) marklets out of naught. Hardly had he a beard (he has a black one now) when he cut lose from the paternal connection, started a company of his own on the capital of six whiskies and sodas, and at thirty was Germany's fifth richest man. Now he is her richest man. He is a living magnet towards Cash. Paper *Reichsbankscheine* (vulgarly known as Blue Rags) simply rush at him. He will soon be able to buy up Germany. He has already bought half of it. He would buy up England were he not a fierce Prussic patriot, convinced that England is hardly worth the buying.

HUGO the First founded last July the greatest single industrial concern in Europe. That was his Rhine-Elbe Union. He did it in truly Amurrican way; summoned to a drink (but Amurrica's dry) in the Lindenhof Hotel at Dortmund, Boss Kirdorf, of the big Gelsenkirchen Coal and Iron Company, and Boss Voegler, of the equally big Gelsenkirchen Coal and Iron Co., and arranged a fusion in fifteen minutes. People gasped. The new Trust employed 157,000 persons, and turned out 19,000,000 tons of coal. People gasped more when a few months later King Hugo roped in the Bochum Mining and Cast Steel Company, Prussia's third concern in this line. The "Rhine Elbe Unon" started with a vast plan for flooding the world with finished goods; and King Hugo promptly founded a brand-new Hamburg export firm to help the plan.

BUT Hugo was only beginning. He announced one calm morning that he had roped into the Rhine-Elbe Union all the Siemens Electrical interests in all parts of the world. Companies, that is, capitalised at 900,000,000 marks, Siemens Schuckert, Siemens and Halske, Schuckert of Nurnberg, the Siemens companies in Austria, Switzerland, and Sweden; the big Osram and Wolfram electric lamp concerns, with subject glass works; and twenty-seven power and installation companies all over Prussland.

SINCE this grip King Hugo has become employer, director indirect, of 600,000 honest workmen in four different countries. And he is stretching out for more; for in the last month certain Silesian coal and steel stocks have risen suspiciously; and that is always a sign that the four Big D Banks of Berlin have orders from cash-foaming King Hugo to buy a majority of stock.

KING HUGO owns more newspapers than William Randolph Hearst, or even Lord Northcliffe. He is a big man in the Reichstag, a big man in the "Reichswirtschaftsrat," which overshadows the Reichstag, a big man in the Federal Coal Union, which controls all coal, a big man in the Federal Iron Union, which controls all iron and steel.

HE is a bosom friend of Hindenburg and Ludendorff, as a King should be; honest well-paid scribes, mildly and without mentioning names, preach his Stinnesonian politics in the ninety newspapers which he controls; he prints these newspapers on paper from his own mills at Koenigsberg; and—he dumps what paper's left over to Switzerland at half Swiss production cost.

LIKE *the* King Leopold of Belgium, he is a Business King. Why he shouldn't be a real King no man (least of all himself) knows; and though he cannot afford a hat big enough to fit his considerable skull, his 700,000,000 (paper) marklets would pay for a crown even at the present price of gold.

If We Went Red

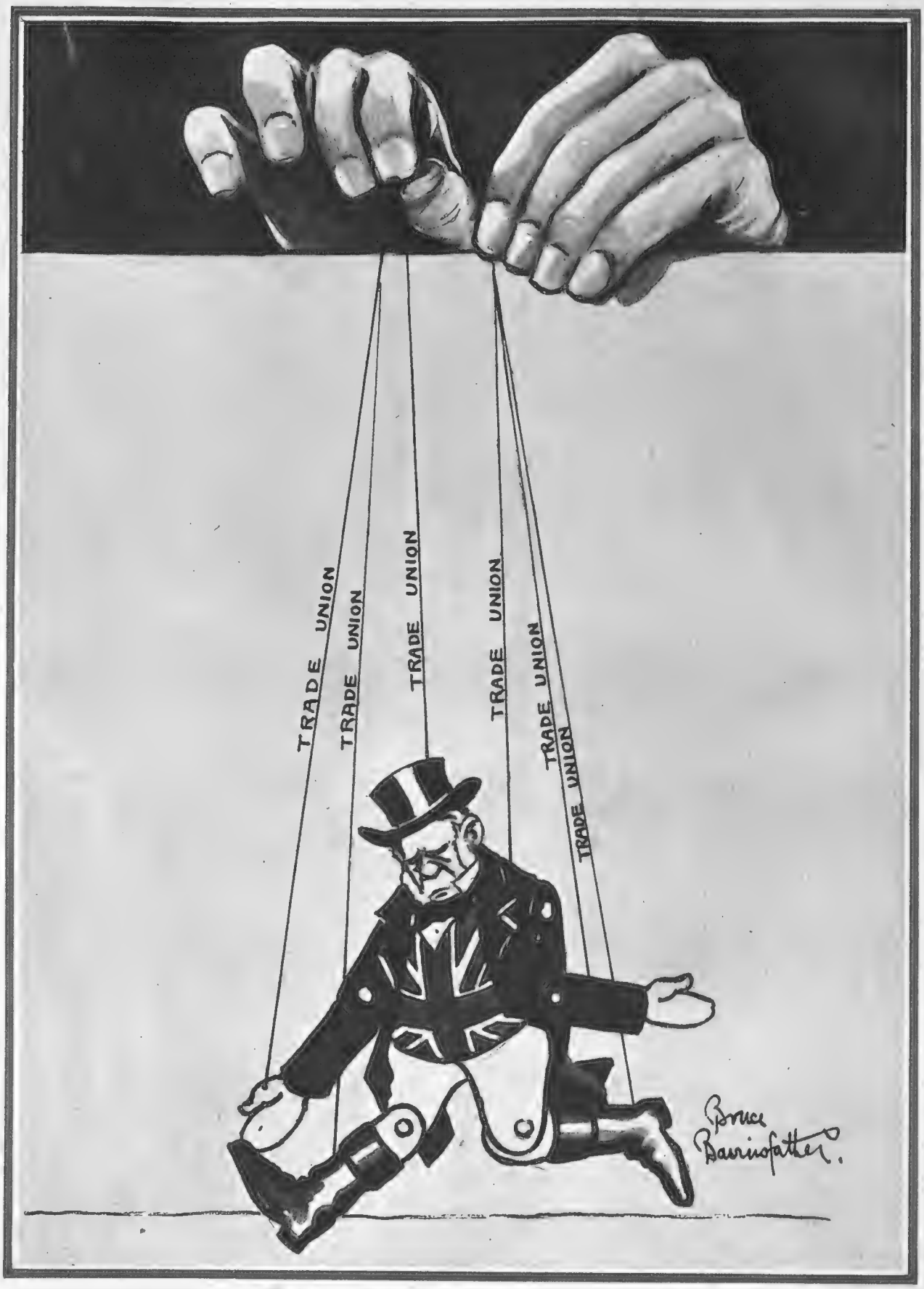
RATHER UNNECESSARY?
A doctor's villa which was blown up by the Communists, the doctor and his wife being taken prisoners

DERAILED
This is the Bolshevist idea of attaining Utopia. Soviet papers please note!

Photographs] THE COMMUNIST RIOTS IN GERMANY *[Topical Press*

The Communists endeavoured to dynamite the Eisleben Town Hall, but were frustrated by the Security Police. They succeeded, however, in effecting slight hurt to the pavement. On the right can be seen the distribution of newspapers after eight days of enforced suppression. We have pictured the evils of Bolshevism in Germany as a warning to those who are anxious to import German goods into this country

That Poor Old Marionette!



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

NO HOPE OF REST TILL THE STRINGS BREAK

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

THEY come to do it again—*ces gens-la*, who think that they are able to extinguish the wickedness if they put the ban upon it. And all that they succeed to do is to give to it just the advertisement that it is desirable to avoid. There have been two assemblies which have made the similar mistake at the same time. There has been the Senate, where the white beards have been shaken at the immorality of the theatres. And there has been the Academy of the Dance Masters, where the lady and gentleman *professeurs* have wagged the finger of contemptuous disgust at the immodesty of the "shimmy." They have made the solemn resolution that the "shimmy shake" shall not be taught by any of the academicians, even though it shall be demanded in instruction by a pupil. They hope thus to ban it from all the programmes. But the Academy has proclaimed the ban one or two times before. And in the interval the "shimmy" has acquired so much the popular favour that it is a favourite in all the *dancings* and in all but the most conservative of dance-parties. The new ban will add to the "boom."

THE BAN BOOM

IT has just been declared at a moment when the "shimmy" is a topic of discussion on every side. The name, it has been found, has the endless possibilities of the humour. For one thing, it is pronounced like our word for the chemistry. And when one has been introduced to a Professor of the *Chimie* one has had to be cautious to discover if one talks with a master of the dance or a *savant*. There have been many of the *faux pas* by the young ladies who have not been enough thoughtful in this delicate position. And there have been many *conversations spirituelles* at the *thés-dansants* as to what the name "shimmy" does really mean. There is not anyone who seems truly to know. Perfectly frankly has it been admitted at the Academy of the Masters of the Dance that they are not able to explain the name or the origin. And as the Americans have treated the congress of the Dance Masters as if it is a conference of the peace there has been no authority to give the enlightenment. It is a situation of the most piquant that a word of slang which is a corruption of the French name for a *vêtement intime* should come back to France and escape the recognition.

IN the dealings with the naughty performances at the theatres the Senators are not, of course, hampered by any matter of the peculiar names. But those who wish to put an end to them like M. de Lamarzelle do feel that they are curbed by the eccentricities of the law. Of the things to which he takes the most objection the chief is the scarcity of the clothes, and M. de Lamarzelle has pointed out that the law does not give him the slightest assistance. He has declared—and it does seem to be

"Vêtement intime"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

true, because the Ministers have not disputed—that so long as an actress or a dancer does wear a single article, even if it is but a solitary jewel, the authorities do not possess the power to interfere. He has given as an illustration the poster which announces the revue presented at a tiny theatre near the boulevards that is entitled "*Oui, mais pas toute nue.*" This poster has shown a woman who wears not anything but a pair of stockings, and the angry Senator has asserted that this is a *défi* which proves that the promoters of such entertainments are aware that if they provide the actresses with but a pair of stockings—or even one stocking—they are beyond the bounds of the law. The Senator will, perhaps, forgive me if I go to say that he has given to this revue a "boom" that it does not deserve. I have endured—there is no more suitable word—this entertainment. If it had to depend on the advertisement which it would obtain if it possessed either the beauty or the wit it would not get the least of publicity. The poster which the Senator has so mordantly described is the most clever and the most artistic thing about it. The performance is just dull and ugly. How the managers must thank the Senator for his attack. For so many people will now go to see if it really is as bad as has been suggested.

"A garland of roses slung round the shoulder"

"Not anything but a pair of stockings"

THE Senator has also attacked the last revue at the Folies-Bergère, in which one of the principal scenes has shown three practically nude actresses suspended as pendants on a curtain of black velvet, and a play called "*Les Hommes n'en sauront rien,*" which a tactful Paris journalist had described in Greek because he has not wished to shock the general reader. I have not the personal experience of the first, which is based on the classical stories of a Greek island, but I have never been able to understand how it is less immoral to read of immorality in the Greek language than in the modern tongue. I do possess the personal acquaintance with the Folies-Bergère revue that has merited the censure of the Senator, and I am able to tell him that it has been fairly modest compared with that which has just succeeded in the occupation of this theatre. If "*L'Amour en Folie*" has been a test of the public taste then "*C'est de la Folie,*" which has replaced, proves that the boldness has been a success. For in the place of three scarcely clothed women there are forty. There is always in this affair a spirit of *en avant*, and "*C'est de la Folie*" has made a *pas* that is almost a stride. There is one actress who appears in a dress that is almost exactly similar to that of the typical statue. The only additions are a pair of the sandals and a garland of roses slung round the shoulder like a bandolier. I acknowledge that she appears in a *décor* which is a faithful copy of the picture of "The Orgies of Semiramis," by Rochegrosse, but that was the paint and this is the flesh. Yet, as Senator de Lamarzelle has asserted, the garland of roses is sufficient to conform to the necessities of the law. And even if the Senate does pass the new Bill, which the Minister of Justice has promised, to prevent the nudity on the stage which has caused the complaints, I am afraid it will not have the better results. There never has been a law which a Frenchman is unable to turn, and if the popular taste is for the nude then the nude will be supplied. Just as with the "shimmy," which has been accepted in some of the most exclusive *hôtels particuliers* when it has been introduced in a less to glare form of the Hungarian Czarda by a dashing young Hapsburg Archduke. There can be no doubt in both these details of the *goût populaire* and the Senators are powerless against it. ROLAND

Our Peace-Time Air Force

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

THE TRICKY LITTLE TRICK OF TRANSFERRING FROM ONE AEROPLANE TO ANOTHER WHEN IN MID-AIR

ANARCHY

BY JACK HOY

("The greatest depth of water opposite this spot is 14 ft. By Order."—On a tree facing the Serpentine.)

It was night. Moon and stars were hidden by thick clouds. The earth was plunged in darkness, and with it a tumble-down house in a street off the Fulham Road. Only a faint glimmer of light shone from a front room, where a man might have been seen pacing a thread-bare carpet, if anyone had taken the trouble to look. Fortunately, no one took the trouble, and his pacing went unobserved.

He—the man—was the chief of a "Secret Society for the Contravention of Notices By Order." Anarchistic in principle, the society was suffering from the world-wide trade depression, and a frown rested on the pale brow of its chief. His eyes were dark with trouble under their shaggy eyebrows. Only one out of nearly two hundred members had paid last month's subscription. Something would have to be done to . . .

Suddenly a night owl hooted, and two short knocks and one long knock on the front door echoed through the deserted house. "A member," gasped the chief, and with a whispered prayer that he might not be the one whose subscription was paid, the pale-browed man eagerly made for the door.

The visitor stood on the worn doorstep. By the tip of his nose—the only part of his face visible between a thick muffler and a felt hat—he was easily recognisable as comrade Smith.

"Welcome, comrade! Step inside, won't you?"

The man walked into the dimly lit room and removed his hat. His eyes gleamed fanatically.

"You have come to pay last month's subscription?" asked the Chief.

"O, Chief, I have not fourpence in the whole world, but——"

"But what?" rasped his leader's voice.

"I have seen a terrible—an iniquitous notice in Hyde Park—a notice which tramples on the people's right to have the water in the Serpentine as deep as they wish. It . . ."

Comrade Smith's voice broke with emotion. The chief turned his gaze to a cobweb on the ceiling while the man mastered his overwrought feelings.

"It—it reads:

'The greatest depth of water opposite this spot is 14 ft.—By Order.'

The chief had forgotten all about the cobweb. His bony hands clenched and unclenched themselves in their owner's excitement.

"You are certain of this, comrade?" he muttered. "Do you know whether these aristocrats of park authorities measure the depth of the water regularly?"

"Yes. I understand that a park-keeper is rowed in a small boat out to the middle of the lake every Monday morning, and swings the lead. . . ."

Silence invaded the room. Anyone, if a pin had dropped, could have heard it, but, fortunately, there was no pin to drop. Smith leant against a small table as if spent with excitement. The chief was buried in thought.

"We must act at once," he said at last. "To-day is Tuesday, and—let me think! we have six days before next Monday. The depth of the Serpentine must be deeper by then!"

* * * *

It was night again. The same moon, though a little more full, and the same stars were still hidden, but by different clouds. The same earth was plunged in darkness, and with it Hyde Park Corner. Only the post-war lights along Piccadilly turned night into day.

In this artificial day-light the figure of a man might have been seen slinking every five minutes into the park—a different man every fifth minute. There was,

(Continued on page 107)

A VERY NAUGHTY MAN! By Joe Lee

"'Oo is this 'ere Census that they all be a' torkin' abaht?"

"Wy! 'E's the bloke wot used to black out Bert's bad language when 'e wrote to us from France!"

Quel Chagrin !

BY HIGGINS

NOTHING IN THE POST

No! Of Course Not!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"Topping floor! What? I can't understand anyone not enjoying themselves on a floor like this"

ANARCHY (*concluded*)

however, a wonderful similarity between these silent figures. Only the tips of their noses were visible between thick muffler and felt hat. Each was a member of the S.S.C.N.B.O.; each one carried a kettle, and each one slunk with muffled footfalls. Their chief alone was distinguished by the two kettles which he carried in his bony, clenched hands.

If a park-keeper had taken the trouble to watch these mysterious figures he would have seen them approach the Serpentine, empty the kettles into the lake, and leave the park as silently as they had come. Fortunately, no park-keeper took the trouble, and the kettles were emptied unnoticed.

Until the twelve strokes of midnight boomed from Big Ben the slinking figures came and went with their kettles. Each comrade had added several gallons of water to the Serpentine before the gates clanged shut upon the silent park. Night after night the same programme was faithfully followed, and night after night fortune favoured the kettle-laden men. No keeper took the trouble to observe their movements.

* * * *

It was day this time—Monday morning. The sky was cloudy; the water of the Serpentine danced merrily under a gentle breeze. Comrade Smith was seated on a free seat opposite the lake, near to the iniquitous notice. The brim of his felt hat was turned up, and his eyes, as well as the tip of his nose, were visible. They were staring in the direction roughly indicated by the latter—across the water to a distant boathouse.

Suddenly the bag of bones, which was his body, became rigid. A rowing-boat had put out from the shore. In the stern-sheets stood a park-keeper whose right arm was behaving in a windmill-like manner. Almost, Smith imagined, could be heard the chant of the leadsman as he swung his lead, and repeated in a low monotone the depth of the water.

What was wrong? The boat was rocking unsteadily in the middle of the lake. Smith heard a hoarse order as the leadsman nearly lost his balance. The man at the oars was digging great holes in the water with his right blade. The boat was turning—her bow pointed to the boathouse. She was rowed swiftly with much catching of crabs, to the shore.

"Ah, ah! Things move," murmured the comrade as he turned down the brim of his hat and leant back on the free seat to await events.

Presently there was the scrunch of approaching feet. From under half-closed eyelids Smith saw two park-keepers make for the notice. They unhooked it from the tree, and—carried it away. . .

Hot-footed, Smith hurried to the tumble-down house in the street off the Fulham Road. There the bony hands of the chief clenched and unclenched themselves in the same old way as the glad news was broken to him.

"Come, comrade!" he said, "We will go together and savour the sweetness of our victory."

They went. And found that—the notice had been replaced with an alteration. It read:—

"The greatest depth of water opposite this spot is 14 ft. 2 in. By Order."

J. H.

BUT COULD SHE DO IT? By Stan Terry

"Josephine—if you will not marry me at least help me up!"

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 11

DEAR COUSIN—

LIFE seems rather extraordinarily complicated and mixed, and joysome and frightful, and dreary and cheerful, and tragic and rapturous all at the same time and all in one these days, doesn't it? Not only, I mean, 'cos of April weather, with its chops and changes, its soft caressing sunshine and bright blue skies interspersed with frowns and tears from high heaven and bitter, biting blasts.

卐 卐

IT'S the way the old world's going on that makes one sometimes rub one's eyes and wonder whether we're standing on our heads or our heels, and stand almost aghast at the different things, such poles apart, that are happening under our very eyes, Russia having yet another crisis, with the Lenin-Trotsky *régime* seemingly tottering, and if it falls, the prospect of—what? More slaughter, more ruin, more misery, whatever happens and whoever in the end gets the upper hand. Another war in full progress, between Turks and Greeks, with Royalties being killed "at the front"—when we'd almost persuaded ourselves that "fronts" had passed out of the language, anyway, for years and years and years—and an ex-Emperor making strenuous efforts to recover his lost throne. Germany still stubborn and threatening, Spain seething with all sorts of possibilities. . . .

卐 卐

AND at home England, our England (not to mention Ireland) has been in the throes of what someone's called the most serious and disastrous and critical situation since the War—what with Labour troubles and the ever-growing slump in trade. While the business world and the Labour world, according to one writer, "seem both lost in dreamland." The business world hugs to itself the delusion that there is a good time coming next week, or next month, or at the turn of the seasons, or at some other rosy-tinted moment. . . . The Labour world is in dreamland because its leaders think and preach that there are royal roads to salvation . . . .

卐 卐

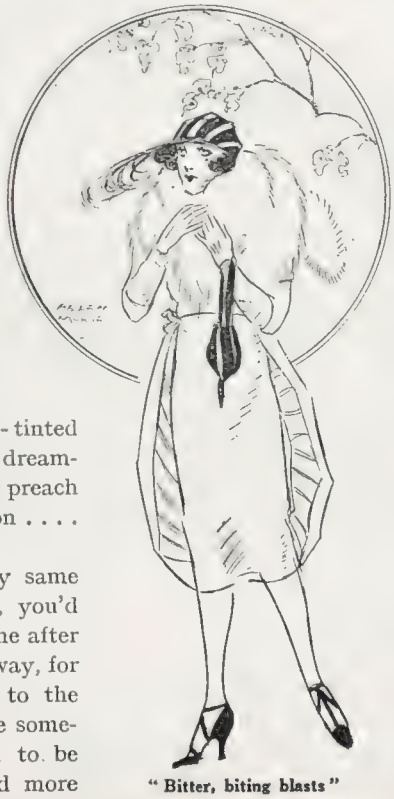
BUT meanwhile, and at the very same time, while the general position, you'd think, is more alarming than any time after the War (and even during it, in a way, for then at least we clung desperately to the belief that when it ended there'd be something like a millennium) we seem to be carrying on as brightly as ever, and more so, with all the lighter things of life which, by rights, I suppose, we ought to have put behind us and sternly relegated into the background until the cloud of wars and strikes and other troubles had passed away.

"Labour leaders think and preach"

STIRRINGS of the new season begin to be heard, and with a loud rustle that suggests a real return to pre-War gaiety, as soon as everyone has come back from the now waning joys of the Riviera and places, or even before. The after-Easter rush of weddings is in full swing. Dance fixtures begin to grow thicker and thicker—not only at the Grafton or Ciro's or other places where the lamp of that wise virgin Terpsichore is kept for ever burning, but for the private parties (generally a good deal duller, but let that pass) which mark the opening of the real Season, with capital S. And already lists of "forthcoming dances" have started to appear in the society columns.

卐 卐

THE theatres are, perhaps, a little quiet, as is usual in the weeks just after Easter, but there is at least one new revue this week, at the Gaiety. And at the Princes the incomparable Sarah, aged seventy-six, is still thrilling big audiences by the magic of her wonderful personality—even if the *voix d'or* is not what it was and her acting, for British hearers, anyway, more a memory of the great things of the past than



"Bitter, biting blasts"

a direct appeal of the moment. And our visitors from America are pouring in, and Queen's Club is crowded with lawn tennis enthusiasts (enthusiasm sometimes greater than knowledge of the game), and even the long neglected restaurants are beginning to fill up.

卐 卐

But are we, I wonder, a frivolous and empty-headed people just because we enjoy the lighter things of life while such grave and serious issues are at stake here in England now? Ought we all to clothe ourselves in sackcloth and ashes because some of us are grievously afflicted—or to pass by the lovely things of life with a frown instead of a smile, so long as life holds also its ugly things and its miseries?

"Visitors from America pouring in"

卐 卐

As well, perhaps, say that we shouldn't foolishly snatch our moments of rapture from the tiny little simple pleasures of life when there are so much bigger affairs afoot:

Grave judges, heavy-fingered, these bright things
Of air—how shall you weigh them? In your scales
Heap your sad wealth against a little dust
Scattered upon a rose from a moth's wings;
And see your costly wisdom, how it fails
Before delight which thrives upon a crust.

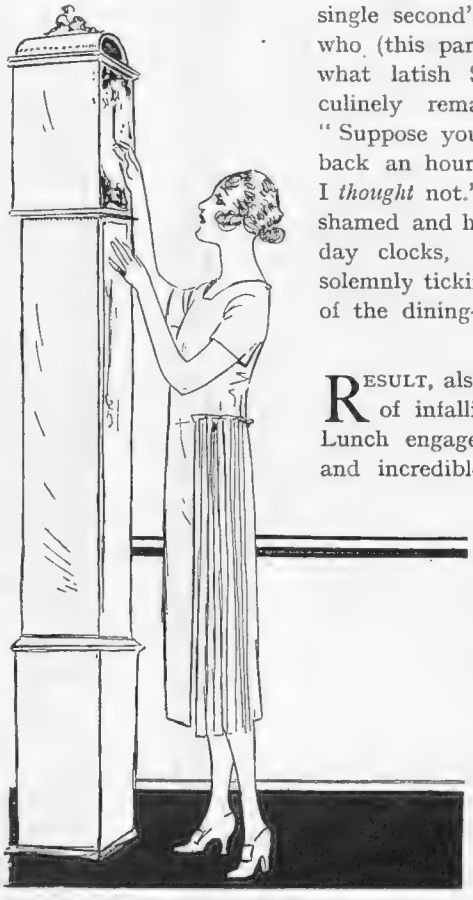
Rather to the point, as well as charming, those lines of Lady Margaret Sackville's, aren't they? And contain, too, when you come to think of it, quite a philosophy of life in themselves.

卐 卐

Other varieties of which, by the way—the philosophy of life, I mean—to be found in one of the new books I've just been reading, *The Wind Between the Worlds*, which is a rather intriguing American romance about spiritualism and things. It's life, says one of the people in it, that makes us crazy. There's nothing to it. You make yourself think there is, but when you wake up at three in the morning, and your feet are cold, you know there's nothing to it then. . . .

卐 卐

So you don't believe, then, replies another, that there's anything splendid in fighting here in the dark for the sake of what seems to you good, though you don't know what it is, nor exactly why you think it is good? . . . Crawling over the stony roadway, trying to smoothe it out a little with your bare hands so somebody else will find it easier?



"Grandfather solemnly ticking old-time hours"

卐 卐

Real fact being, I suppose, that there's some truth in each and all of the diverse philosophies—at least, they all sound true, don't they, according to your mood? Can't help, anyway, agreeing with Lady Margaret, especially in these swiftly changing April days, about the little things that count. Even when things are at their blackest, and the rain pours down upon us furiously and gustily from an angry-looking sky, what, after all—

What is lovelier than rain that lingers,
Falling through the western light?

And, oh! the softly thrilling joys of these calm, ever-lengthening evenings (now that summer-time's here), when—

Eve goes slowly,
Dancing lightly,
Clad with shadow, up the hills;
Birds their singing
Cease at last, and silence,
Falling like fine rain, the valley fills.

卐 卐

Simply frightful calamity happened to me, by the way, when the aforesaid excellent ordinance of the late Mr. William Willett came into force a week ago. All a *man's* fault, of course—one of those accurate, always-right members of the strong silent sex, whose *dicta* a poor, weak woman always accepts instantly and trustingly, and *au pied de la lettre* without a single second's questioning (I don't think). And who (this particular specimen, I mean) on a somewhat latish Sunday morning superiorly and masculinely remarked in superior masculine tones, "Suppose you didn't remember to put your clocks back an hour last night because of summer-time? I *thought* not." Result—embarrassment, confusion, shamed and hurried manipulation of watches, eight-day clocks, and ancient heirloom grandfather, solemnly ticking away the old-time hours in a corner of the dining-room.

卐 卐

Result, also, an hour or two later, when discovery of infallible male's fallibility was made. . . . Lunch engagement irretrievably broken. Difficult and incredible explanations by telephone. Day's time-table shattered. Lunch impinging on tea-time. General chaos.

卐 卐

Apropos, another record list of getting on for three thousand divorce cases in the law sittings that have just reopened, and the one and only Christabel writing busily about "Why I never married." Can you wonder?—I was going to say. But I don't really mean it.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

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Photograph LADIES v. MEN AT BEACONSFIELD: VISCOUNT LEWISHAM ON THE FIRST TEE [*Sport and General*

In a match under handicap at Beaconsfield last week between a team representing the Lady Golfers' Club, headed by Miss Cecil Leitch, and a team of men, the ladies' received 9 strokes in addition to what they were entitled to under their L.G.U. handicaps. This enabled them to win decisively by 13½ points to 4½. Viscount Lewisham and the Hon. H. Legge played Miss Leitch and Miss Bastin in the foursomes and beat them by 5 and 3

Sports & Pastimes

WOMEN IN SPORT

A Controversy Revived

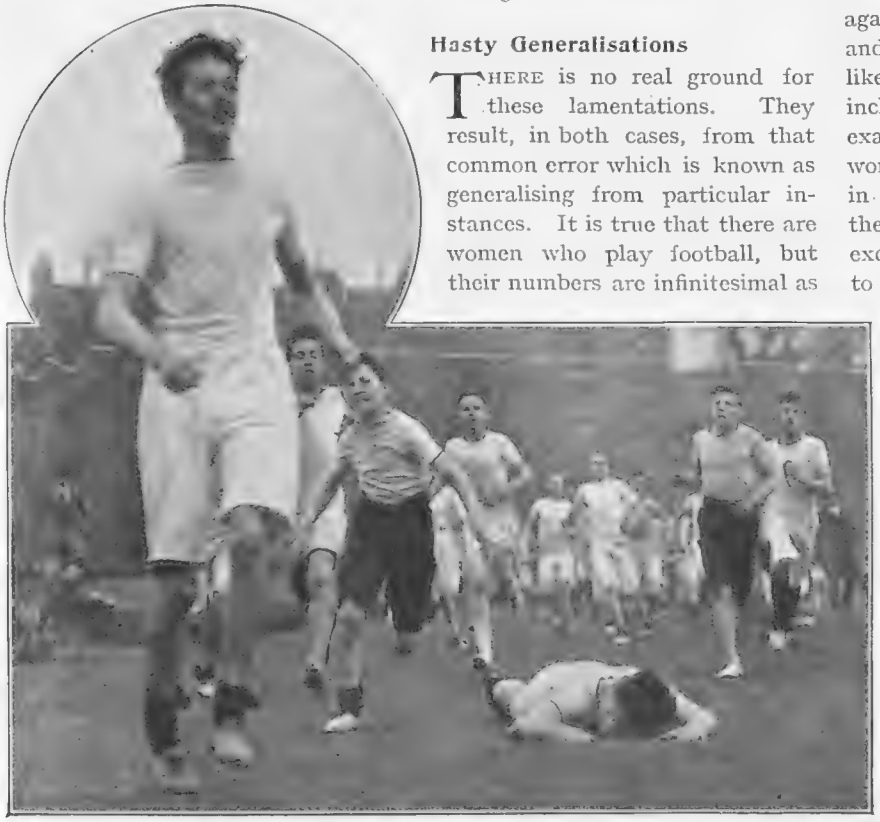
THE recent holding of an Olympiad for women has had the effect of reviving the controversy as to the extent to which it is right and proper for women to indulge in athletic pursuits. The old idea that any game or sport which involves strenuous physical exertion is bad for a woman *in toto* has been long since exploded. But there are still people who shake their heads ominously over the unnatural devotion (as they term it) of women to sports which are really only suitable for men, such, for instance, as football; whilst there are others who will tell you that a woman who devotes herself to sport is too apt to become so obsessed by it that she can live for nothing else.

Hasty Generalisations

THERE is no real ground for these lamentations. They result, in both cases, from that common error which is known as generalising from particular instances. It is true that there are women who play football, but their numbers are infinitesimal as compared with those who play the games to which women are more ordinarily, and more appropriately, addicted, and I think that the games which are, and always will be, most popular with women are those in which they can join with men and compete on terms of something like equality against them. This is why lawn tennis and golf make such a universal appeal.

A Negligible Minority

AS for the women who live for sport and nothing else we know that they exist, but here again they are in the minority, and it is not in the least likely that the majority will be inclined, or be able, to follow their example. Nor is it fair to say that women are incapable of indulging in sport in moderation because there are some who indulge it to excess. The growth of athletics—to use the most comprehensive term—among women has been so pronounced of late that we must expect to meet here and there with cases of over-cultivation. But these cases cannot shake our belief that, in the main, sport has added enormously to their health, happiness, and general well-being.



Photograph F. H. DAWSON WINS AND HIS NEAREST RIVAL COLLAPSES [*Alfieri*

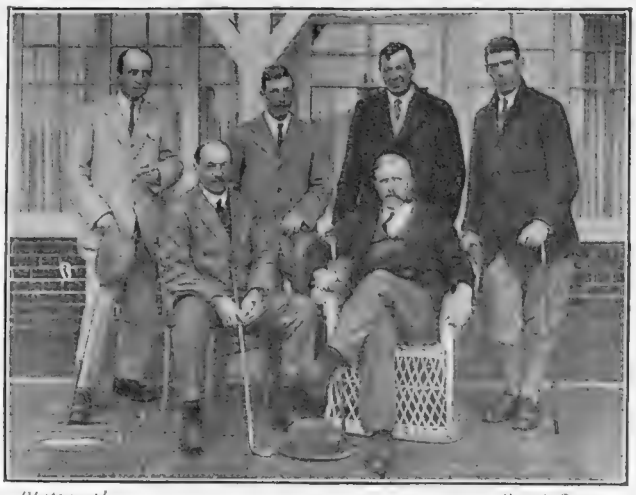
In the quarter-mile at University College School Sports held at the Paddington Recreation Ground last week. Besides the quarter, Dawson won the hundred, the half-mile, the mile, the senior steeplechase and the long jump, and was second in the hurdles and third in the high jump—a record which speaks for itself

LAWN TENNIS

Congestion at Queen's

THERE were sixty-four entries for the Men's Singles in the Covered Court Championship meeting which is in progress at Queen's Club this week, of whom not more than a dozen had any chance

of surviving to the final. An entry of these dimensions is, of course, doubly embarrassing at a tournament at which the whole programme, comprising Singles, Doubles, and Mixed Doubles, has to be worked off on three courts, and, with the best management in the world, the proceedings are bound, more or less, to drag. Especially is this so when the draw, as in the present instance, is an "uneven" one, for it involves the early disappearance of some of the better players and delays the weeding-out of the inferior ones. However gratifying these big entries may be as evidence of the extraordinary popularity of the game, it would seem that, since they have apparently come to stay, some form of eliminating competition will have to be instituted in the case of the more important events. But this, I am aware, is one of those things which are more easily said than done, and anyone who can devise a simple and satisfactory method of dealing with the congestion difficulty will undoubtedly earn the gratitude of the lawn tennis community at large. H. S. S.



Photograph *Frank Sayers*

SOME CELEBRITIES AND A CELEBRATION

A gathering of well-known golfers celebrated the recent opening of extended course of the Great Yarmouth and Caister G.C. This group, taken outside Sir Herbert Morgan's cottage, shows: standing (left to right), Mr. E. H. Johnson (Captain of the Club), L. Holland, Sir Herbert Morgan and George Duncan; seated, J. B. Batley and Edward Ray

"Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanac"

This useful publication, now in the fourteenth year of its existence, may not inaptly be described as the "Wisden" of lawn tennis. Edited by the well-known player and writer, Mr. Wallis Myers, it has the somewhat rare merit of being a book of reference in which statistics and hard facts are judiciously commingled with interesting articles and illustrations of permanent value. It is published by Messrs. F. H. Ayres, Ltd., of 111, Aldersgate Street, E.C., and its price is 3*s.* 6*d.*, not an excessive sum, in these days, to have to pay for such a mine of carefully selected information.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Stopped Again

POOR old racing! Every time the strike fiends move nowadays the Turf gets it fairly in the neck. To judge by the alacrity with which the Government orders the stoppage of racing as soon as the men down tools, one might imagine that the cessation of the sport is officially regarded as a lever to bring the strikers to their senses. However, we have to do exactly what we are told in these days, and racing people must find what comfort they can in the thought that they are helping to win the strike! I hope that by the time these pages reach their readers the worst part of this deplorable industrial crisis will be past. At the moment of writing the outlook for racing is the reverse of cheerful.

Regrets for Newbury

WE were particularly regretful to have to forego the Newbury meeting last week, for apart from the big handicap, it promised us really interesting sport. True, it had already been decided not to run Monarch in the Greenham Stakes, but Leighton would have been there, and it would have been a great treat to see this unbeaten performer again.

Leighton's Future

WHETHER we shall see Leighton prior to the Derby is now a little doubtful. As you know, he is not engaged in the Two Thousand Guineas. He holds an engagement in the Chester Vase, but his trainer is not specially enamoured of the idea of giving a classic colt a race over the tricky Roodee course. He has two other engagements—at Manchester and York. The objection against the former is that the race is over five furlongs—hardly the sort of distance at which to test a colt who is being trained for the Derby. At York the distance will be suitable enough, but it is a bit of a risk to send a colt from the South to the North and back only a week before the great Epsom race.

The Guineas

IF there is no Craven meeting we shall have to wait until the Guineas on the 27th inst. before we see the best three-year-olds. It looks like being an extraordinarily interesting Two Thousand. Monarch will certainly be in the field. We are all anxious to know whether he has retained his form. The distance will suit him precisely, and the great question is whether some of the other cracks have not made greater improvement since last season than Sir Henry Bird's colt. At Newmarket they seem to be just as sweet on Polemarch as they are upon Monarch. The son of The Tetrarch certainly gives every promise of developing into a smasher. Then there is Alan Breck, who on his best form has as good a chance as any of winning the first of the classic events. Granely should run well in the Guineas, though I question whether he will stay the Derby course. Craig-an-Eran is believed to have greatly improved, and I also hear that Sirrah is doing well. We ought, therefore, to have a Two Thousand worth going a long way to see.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE. S.W. 17th March, 1921.

Dear Mr. Rapson,

I have spoken to The Prince of Wales with reference to the Unpuncturable Tyres which are being supplied by you to His Royal Highness's touring car. This car has covered 10,000 miles since the tyres were fitted, and the only fault was due to a valve leak. The tyres are very good indeed for holding the road, and they have given complete satisfaction.

His Royal Highness desires you to fit the Rapson tyres to his Hispano-Suiza car, now at Messrs. Barker's.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) LIONEL HALSEY,
Comptroller.

F. Lionel Rapson, Esq.,
Rapson Automobile Patents, Ltd.

Clarence House.
St. James's. S.W. 19th October, 1920.

Dear Mr. Rapson,

You asked me to let you know how the set of Rapson Unpuncturable Tyres, which you had put on H.R.H the Duke of Connaught's car, had done. I now write to say that these tyres have been running regularly on His Royal Highness's big Daimler car since last June. They show no signs of wear and have given no trouble of any description.

I am having these tyres fitted on to the remainder of His Royal Highness's cars.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) MALCOLM MURRAY, Lt.-Colonel,
Comptroller to
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

F. Lionel Rapson, Esq.,
Ottershaw Park,
Surrey.

10 DOWNING STREET
WHITEHALL, S.W.1. 16th November, 1920.

Dear Mr. Rapson,

With reference to your Unpuncturable Pneumatic Tyres, as fitted to the Prime Minister's car, I have pleasure in informing you that these tyres have completed 10,700 miles without trouble of any description.

The smooth running and the absence of skidding on greasy surfaces, since these tyres were fitted, are most pleasing features.

The Prime Minister desires me to congratulate you heartily.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. T. DAVIES.

F. Lionel Rapson, Esq.

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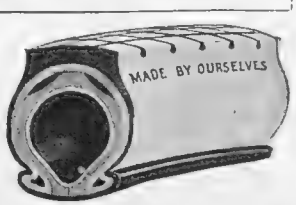

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE War is such very old game, these days, that you would think the "first novelist" would avoid it like poison. *From Another Angle* (Duckworth: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), however, by no means belies its peculiar title. It is well off the beaten track, and its writer, Margaret Lockyer, may be congratulated upon her discovery of so fruitful a background for romance. A Croat nobleman is her hero. He enlists in the Serbian army, in what we call pre-war days, though the Serbians didn't, and proves his worth. Afterwards he is sent into Italy, at the time when we wanted cotton so badly, and there he has adventures galore. Incidentally, he shows up a certain Madame X for the spy that she is, and at long last is able to marry the woman he loves. Put thus it sounds ordinary enough; but the book itself is really most interesting and out-of-the-way. It is well-written and vivid throughout and suggests that its writer may do very good work in the future.

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS OLIVE WADSLEY

The novelist, whose latest serial story, "The Beloved Thief," began in the "Daily Graphic" last Saturday. Miss Wadsley's publishers (Messrs. Cassell) have sold more than 300,000 of her novels, and she is one of the most successful women writers in the world. Many of her books have been filmed

ANOTHER first novel is *Burgoyne of Goyne* (Bale: 6*s.* net), by Christine Campbell Thomson. Here, again, there is promise, though the story itself is too true to a type that most people hoped was finished and done with. The old family with a "Luck" that has disappeared; the designing adventuress with a blackmailing brother; the secret room behind the old portrait—all these are to be found in *Burgoyne of Goyne*. On the other hand, there is so much that is fresh and bright, and Miss Thomson can describe ordinary people with such a light, jolly touch, that you forgive these bugbears and settle down to enjoy her character-sketches.

THE writing in places also follows a well-worn tradition; the authoress is too often content to let her sentences take care of themselves. It is not enough to tell a story; you must tell it so that you, and you only, are clearly its author. That is the meaning of style. R. S.

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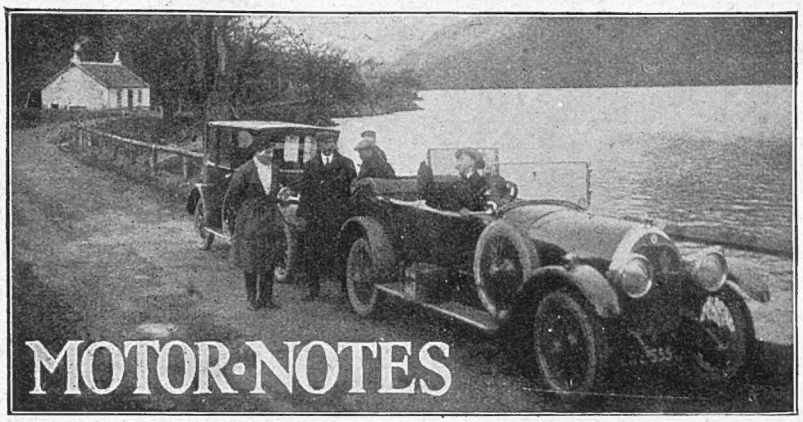

TWO TALBOT-DARRACQS

Which have come to a halt by Loch Lomond. In the foreground is an 8-cylinder car, the other is a 16 h.p., 4-cylinder type. Talbot cars are very fast and reliable, and exceptionally comfortable to drive and handle

Now spring is really here, with the roads inviting all and sundry—whatever that means—to use them, Mr. Edward C. M. Shepherd, late lieutenant in the Tank Corps, has timely produced an excellent little book, *Motor-Cycle Overhauling* with the idea of helping the amateur owner to put his or her machine into that order which will enable the second-hand "jigger" to command a top price, and also bring additional joys in riding to the possessor if it is to be retained in the family. Published by Crosby, Lockwood and Son at, I think, 2*s.* 6*d.*, it is well worth double the money it costs. For every motor-cycle enthusiast does like to carry out an overhaul of his machine at home, while this little book gives many practical hints that even some veterans in the pastime will find useful. Its illustrations in line drawings further help to explain the text, though this latter is couched in most simple, straightforward language that the schoolboy in possession of his first machine can readily grasp and profit thereby. For instance, front tyres do puncture at times, and a motor "bike" with a front stand as well as a back stand greatly helps in the ease and comfort of repairing. Nowadays, with fuel economy as the platform right in front of all motorists, the diagrams of various carburettors and how to manage them is extremely useful, especially as all the bits and pieces are specified in detail and what their function or province is. So, likewise, is every portion of the machine stripped naked, laid out in atoms to dry, so to speak, and put together again before your eyes. Yes, quite a handy book to keep and study, and no motor home is complete without one, especially as most troubles possible to a motor-cycle of every kind of make, two-stroke or otherwise, is diagnosed and prescribed for.

* * *

While on motor-cycles, I do think other clubs ought to follow the example of the Surbiton and District Motor-Cycle Club in promoting an inter-team trial for private owners only as distinct from the trade. On Saturday, April 30, the Surbiton and District M.C.C. have an event of this character for the Maudes' Challenge Shield, presented by Mr. Geo. Pettyt. This is its second year of competition, which is in the nature of a reliability trial for teams of six private owners from all the motor-cycling clubs affiliated to the Auto-Cycle Union. Last year the winners were the Surbiton and District themselves, with Birmingham the runners-up, if my memory serves me rightly, and as teams can enter up to April 16 I hope that at least twenty clubs will compete. Mr. W. Pratt is the hon. secretary for the trial, and further particulars and forms for entry can be obtained from him at Maude's Motor Mart, 100, Great Portland Street, W. 1. As this is the only open competition held during the year for

(*Continued on page 120*)

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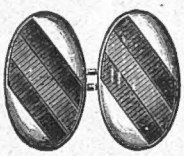

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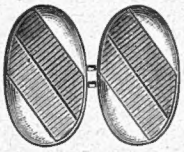

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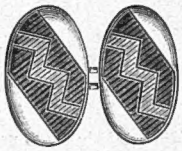

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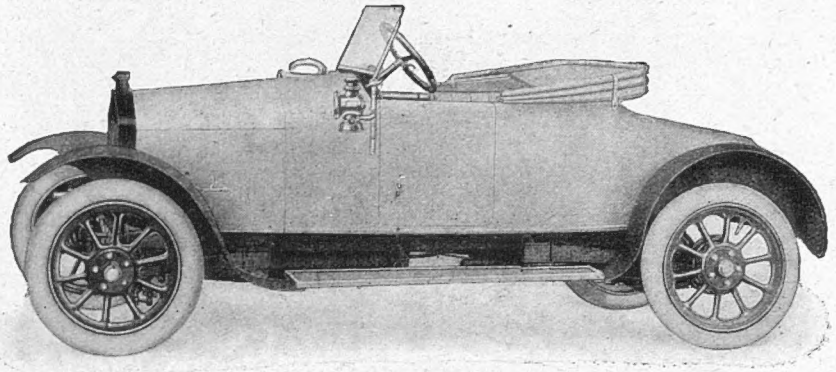

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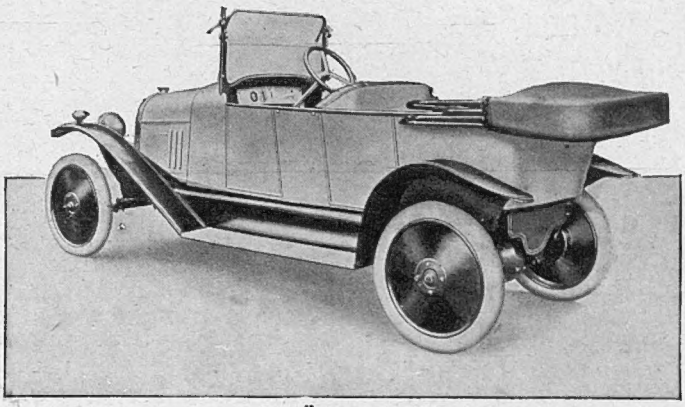
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

private owners only, the various clubs regard it as important as the T.T. races for the professionals in the Isle of Man, which, by the way, will take place in the middle of June this year.

* * *

COLONEL F. LINDSAY LLOYD, the Clerk of the Course, received many congratulations on the excellent opening meeting on Easter Monday of the Brooklands motor-racing season. Good races, a record attendance, not bad weather on the whole, and very high speeds attained, deserved the praises given, so that, I expect, as a still better programme is forthcoming for the next meeting on May 16, still bigger crowds can be expected. Judging by the large number of cars to be seen in the various enclosures at Brooklands, the high tax does not seem to have lessened the number of motor-carriages, notwithstanding the prophecies of the pundits that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would feel the draught. Feel the draught, indeed! He has filled in the draft to the tune of seven millions sterling odd already, cashed it, and put it in his balance-sheet for the year ending April 1 now past and gone. Out of the £7,085,000 received, £162,955 has been paid by the horse-carriage folk towards the road fund, so now motorists will really know how kind they are to the quadrupeds, and how much kindness pays. Anyway, we are not to have land lighthouses to frighten us at night times. I wonder if we shall get readable sign-posts that we've been promised, or, perhaps, suggested is the Ministerial term, as Government Departments seldom promise? Their pet phrase is "to recommend," and, 'pon my word, that's about as far as it gets usually.



A CITRÖEN 4-SEATER

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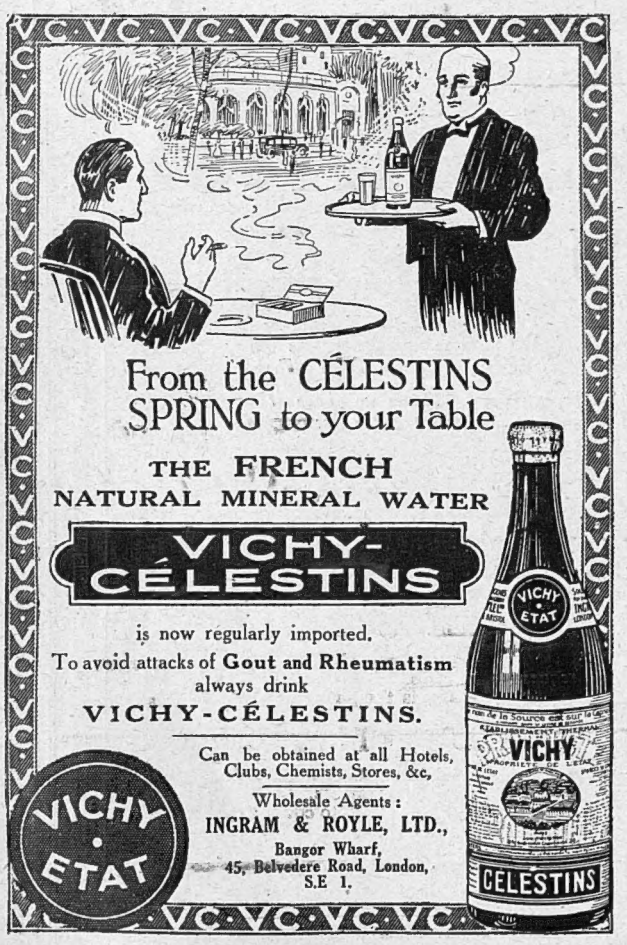
* * *

I HOPE the Talbot cars will do well in the Grand Prix Race this year, as the 25 h.p. four-cylinder Talbot is one of the most comfortable fast cars to drive and handle. Nowadays the world of wheels hears too little of the excellent productions that London turns out in the way of cars, as somehow or other since the War they have received little or no mention. After all, Talbots were the first of the long-stroke engines that now every designer has adopted, whether the car is big or small, and I for one am glad that this firm are producing both the 25 h.p. and the 15 h.p Talbots in steady numbers. In fact, though I have not yet had any personal experience of the new 15 h.p. Talbot, I hear that it is shaping so well that if it took seriously to the competition hill-climbing speed trials this year it would clear the board of prizes, as it did some ten years or so ago. This is one of the real dividend-earning firms for the past ten years, and, what is more, always was popular in our Colonies, which is more than most of our British makes can claim, unfortunately. As for the 25 h.p. Talbot, it seems to be able to carry real pukka coachwork as smoothly and swiftly as the winged-horse, Pegasus, which, by the way, is an appropriate title for it, however good a dog the Talbot is. OLD HY.



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